

Then why not push this movement through with the aid of the Teacher's Institute, Farmers Union, County superintendent and some other county officers we can establish a definite local organization. Nothing has been said about our County superintendent in the movement, possibly because we are accustomed to see him lead all movements in any way connected with education and upbuilding of the young people.

DEMOCRAT.

#### MAYTOWN

M. W. Pieratt is at Owngville this week on business.

Roy Rowland and Bruce Nickell, left Monday for Ill.

Isaac Rowland, of Dehart, was in our midst last week transacting business.

Sam May, of White Oak, bought C. W. Clark's farm, price 1200.00, and will move to it soon.

Mrs. Lizzie Murphy, wife of Sailor Murphy, died at her home Feb 29th, she left a husband and eight children and many friends to mourn their loss.

M. W. Pieratt sold a fine cow to Rennie Pieratt, price \$30.

Gordon Cottle, of Forest, and Clarence May, of White Oak, were here Wednesday and Thursday on business.

Renny Perry sold a fine mare to J. M. Rowland, price \$90.

UNCLE DICK.

#### SALEM

Born to Mr. and Mrs. D. Cox a girl, last week.

Mrs. C. G. Wilson's two young sons visited their grandparents, last week. Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Rasnic.

Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Gose have renewed their old covenant, by being again joined in the holy bonds of wedlock.

Martha Rasnic, who has been traveling at Clear Fork, made her return yesterday. Reported a very pleasant and successful months work. The pie supper was very nice. Every body enjoyed it.

Pig head.

#### DINGUS.

Miss Nettie Patrick, who is a student of the Crockett school, Sundayed at home.

Mrs. Sarah A. Prince is spending the week with her sister, Mrs. Nora Wheeler.

Miss Ada Fannin visited her parents at Crockett last week.

Wilson Wilder and family are breathing pure air in the far west.

Born to the wife of J. D. Cox, a boy. Also to the wife of Tom Hamilton, the 26th ult., a girl.

Some of the stockholders of the Independent Telephone Co., met with other parties last Saturday at the mouth of Williams Creek, and agreed to use their combined efforts to push the lines to West Liberty.

Kenas Gullet is moving to Gray Fox. He has the contract to carry the mail from there to Bloomington, beginning July the first.

Messdames Sarah and Mary Smith, of Jephtha, visited here from Saturday until Monday.

Elliott Williams has moved to Floress.

We notice in the minutes of the Enterprise Association an error, in one place. The Association will be on the 4th Friday, Saturday and Sunday in August, instead of the 3rd, as the minutes shows in our place. I write this because the next association will be held with Union church at this place, and those who wish to come may be rightly informed.

There are people in the world, void of religious principle, who find great pleasure in casting stones at the man of God. They remind me of an old story I once heard. A woman related the various trouble she and her husband had been having, to the preacher, in the hope of securing some needed advice. The Parson, after some deliberation interrogated his patient like this: "My sister, have you tried heaping coals of fire on his head?"

"Nop, but I've tried hot water."

SLAB.

on 1 o'clock, P. M., or thereabouts, offer for sale on a credit of three months, to the highest and best bidder, the following described property, to wit:

1 mowing machine, 1 harrow, 1 turning plow, 1 shovel plow, 1 spring wagon, 1 grind stone, and 1 two horse wagon.

I will reserve the right to reject any and all bids. Purchasers will be required to execute sale bonds with approved personal security, for all property bought by them.

Given under my hand, as Administrator of the estate of Robert Patterson, deceased, this 14 day of February, 1912.

J. C. STAMPER,  
ADMINISTRATOR.

O. F. HENRY,  
WEST LIBERTY, KENTUCKY,  
REPRESENTING  
HUTCHINSON STEVENSON HAT  
COMPANY,  
Wholesale Hatters,  
Charleston, : : : West Va.  
YOUR ORDERS SOLICITED.

LEXINGTON AND EASTERN.

Effective, January 1, 1911

WEST BOUND.		
	No. 1 Daily	No. 3 Daily
Ly Quicksand.....		1 25 P.M.
Jackson.....	5 05 A. M.	1 50
O. & K. Junction.....	5 10	1 57
Athol.....	5 15	2 22
Beattyville Junction.....	5 20	2 51
Torrent.....	6 25	3 12
Campton Junction.....	6 43	3 30
Clay City.....	7 19	4 05
L. & E. Junction.....	7 51	4 37
Winchester.....	8 05	4 51
At Lexington.....	8 50	5 35

EAST BOUND.		
	No. 2 Daily	No. 4 Daily
Ly Lexington.....	1 35 P. M.	7 20 A. M.
Winchester.....	2 17	8 05
L. & E. Junction.....	2 35	8 18
Clay City.....	3 05	8 50
Campton Junction.....	3 47	9 27
Torrent.....	4 04	9 44
Beattyville Junction.....	4 15	10 04
Athol.....	4 52	10 30
O. & K. Junction.....	5 19	10 57
Jackson.....	5 25	11 05
At Quicksand.....		11 25

The following connections are made daily except Sunday.

Train No. 1 will make connection with the L. & N. at Lexington for Louisville, Ky. No. 3 will make connection with the L. & N. at Winchester for Cincinnati, Ohio.

Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4 will connect with the Mountain Central Ry for passengers to and from Campton, Ky.

Trains No. 1, 2 and 3 will make connection with L. & A. Railway for Beattyville.

Trains No. 3 & 4 connect at O. & K. Junction for points on O. & K. Ry.

All New and Fresh! My Prices are the Lowest. The Quality Best. Soft Drinks

D. R. Keeton

Main Street

### MORGAN COUNTY NATIONAL BANK

OF CANNEL CITY, KENTUCKY.

Capital, ..... \$25,000  
Surplus, (Earned) ..... 20,000  
Average Deposits, ..... 100,000

Authorized U S Depository.

YOUR ACCOUNT CORDIALLY SOLICITED.

M. L. CONLEY, President. JOE C. STAMPER, Vice-Pres.  
CUSTER JONES, Cashier.

### WINCHESTER BANK, WINCHESTER KY

Capital and Surplus \$300,000  
Deposits over Half Million  
Solicits Your Accounts  
Correspondence Invited

N. H. WITHERSPOON, President.

W. R. SPHAR, Cashier.

#### Wanted,

We are still short the following numbers of the COURIER: 6, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 19, 22 and 24. Any one who will send or bring us these numbers will be suitably rewarded.

Subscribe for the Courier, boys.

#### LAUNDRY.

Laundry called for and delivered promptly and careful service rendered. Give me your laundry. I have the agency formerly held by Mrs. H. C. Rose.

Adah Caraway.

Dr. B. F. Thompson

Eyes Examined, Glasses Scientific  
Prescribed and Furnished.  
Full Announcement Later.

### For Artistic Job Printing

Anything made with Type on Paper

The Courier, of course

### LUNG DISEASE

"After four in our family had died of consumption I was taken with a frightful cough and lung trouble, but my life was saved and I gained 87 pounds through using

**DR. KING'S  
NEW  
DISCOVERY**

W. R. Patterson, Wellington, Tex.  
PRICE 50c and \$1.00 AT ALL DRUGGISTS.

### You Can Lead a Horse

to water but you can make him drink.

You can't make him eat either. You can stuff food in to a thin man's stomach but that doesn't make him use it.

Scott's Emulsion can make him use it. How? By making him hungry, of course. Scott's Emulsion makes a thin body hungry all over. Thought a thin body was naturally hungry didn't you? Well it isn't. A thin body is asleep—ne working—gone on a strike. It doesn't try to use it's food.

Scott's Emulsion wakes it up—puts it to work again making new flesh. That's the way to get fat.

Send for free sample.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 409 Pearl St. N. Y.  
60c and \$1.00, all druggists.



Chamberlain's Cough Remedy  
Cures Colds, Croup, and Whooping Cough

### FURS AND HIDES

HIGHEST MARKET PRICE PAID  
FOR RAW FURS AND HIDES  
Wool on Commission. Write for price list mentioning this ad.

Established 1887  
JOHN WHITE & CO., LOUISVILLE, KY.



We are doing the finest job printing.



warm, the dainty, wrapped the healing lotion upon her and greatly relieved the pain in the wounded member. The bed was not but comfortable, much more so than the sleeping bags to which of late she had been accustomed.

Few women had gone through such experiences, mental and physical, as had befallen her within the last few hours and lived to tell the story. Had it not been for the exhaustive strains of body and spirit to which she had been subjected, her mental faculties would have been on the alert and the strangeness of her unique position would have made her so nervous that she could not have slept.

For the time being, however, the physical demands upon her entity were paramount; she was dry, she was warm, she was fed, she was free from anxiety and she was absolutely unutterably weary. Her thoughts were vague, inchoate, unconcentrated. The fire wavered before her eyes, she closed them in a few moments and did not open them.

Without a thought, without a care, she fell asleep. Her repose was complete, not a dream even disturbed the profound slumber into which she sank. Pretty picture she made; her head thrown backward, her golden hair roughly dried and quickly plaited in long braids, one of which fell along the pillow while the other curled lovingly around her neck. Her face in the natural light would have looked pallid from what she had gone through, but the fire cast red glows upon it; the fitful light flickered across her countenance and sometimes deep shadows unrelieved accentuated the paleness born of her sufferings.

There is no light that plays so many tricks with the imagination, or that so stimulates the fancy as the light of an open fire. In its sudden outbursts it sometimes seems to add life touches to the sleeping and the dead. Had there been any eye to see this girl, she would have made a delightful picture in the warm glow from the stone hearth. There were no eyes to look, however, save those which belonged to the man on the other side of the door.

On the hither side of that door in the room where the fire burned on the hearth, there was rest in the heart of the occupant; on the farther side where the fire only burned in the heart, there was tumult. Not outward and visible, but inward and spiritual, and yet there was no lack of apparent manifestation of the turmoil in the man's soul.

Albeit the room was smaller than the other, it was still of a good size. He walked nervously up and down from one end to the other as ceaselessly as a wild animal impatient of captivity stalks the narrow limits of his contracted cage. The even tenor of his life had suddenly been diverted. The ordinary sequence of his days had been abruptly changed. The privacy of five years which he had hoped and dreamed might exist as long as he, had been rudely broken in upon. Humanity, which he had avoided, from which he had fled, which he had cast away forever, had found him. Abit, excessit, evasit, erupit! And, lo,

the amazement, the bewilderment, of him who having been blind doth now see, if we can imagine it not having been in the case ourselves, will be a better guide to the understanding of this man's emotion when this woman came suddenly into his lonely orbit. His eyes were opened although he would not know it. He fought down his new consciousness and would have none of it. Yet it was there. He loved her!

With what joy did Selkirk welcome the savage sharer of his solitude! Suppose she had been a woman of his own race; had she been old, withered, hideous, he must have loved her on the instant, much more if she were young and beautiful. The thing was inevitable. Such passions are born. God forbid that we should deny it. In the busy haunts of men where women are as plenty as blackberries, to use Falstaff's simile, and where a man may sometimes choose between a hundred, or a thousand, such loves are born, forever.

A voice in the night, a face in the street, a whispered word, the touch of a hand, the answering throb of another heart—and behold! two walk together where before each walked alone. Sometimes the man or the woman who is born again of love knows it not, refuses to admit it, refuses to recognize it. Some birth pain must awaken the consciousness of the new life.

If those things are true and possible under every day conditions and to ordinary men and women, how much more to this solitary. He had seen this woman, white breasted like the foam, rising as the ancient goddess from the Paphian sea. Over that recollection, as he was a gentleman and a Christian, he would fain draw a curtain, before it erect a wall. He must not dwell upon that fact, he would not linger over that moment. Yet he could not forget it.

Then he had seen her lying prone, yet unconsciously graceful in her abandonment, on the sward; he had caught a glimpse of her white face desperately upturned by the rolling water; he had looked into the unfathomable depth of her eyes at that moment when she had awakened in his arms after such a struggle as had taxed his manhood and almost broken his heart; he had carried her unconsciously, ghastly white with her pain-drawn face, stumbling desperately over the rocks in the beating rain to this, his home. There he had held that poor, bruised slender little foot in his hand, gently, skillfully treating it, when he longed to press his lips passionately upon it. Last of all he had looked into her face, warmed with the red light of the fire, searched her weary eyes almost like blue pools, in whose depths there yet lurked life and light, while her golden hair tinged crimson by the blaze lay on the white pillow—and he loved her. God pity him, fighting against fact and admission of it, yet how could he help it?

He had loved once before in his life with the fire of youth and spring, but it was not like this. He did not recognize this new passion in any light from the past; therefore he would not admit it. Hence, he did not understand it. But he saw and admitted

feeling almost womanly; and more men, perhaps, if they lived in feminine isolation, as self-centered as women are so often by necessity, would be as feminine as their sisters—influenced him, overcame him. His hand went to his hunting shirt. Nerv-



He Stared From One to the Other.

ously he tore it open; he grasped a bright object that hung against his breast. As he did so, the thought came to him that not before in five years had he been for a moment unconscious of the pressure of that locket over his heart, but now that this other had come, he had to seek for it to find it.

The man dragged it out, held it in his hand and opened it. He held it so tightly that it almost gave beneath the strong grasp of his strong hand. From a nearby box he drew another object with his other hand. He took the two to the light, the soft light of the candle upon the table, and stared from one to the other with eyes brimming.

Like crystal gazers, he saw other things than those presented to the casual vision. He heard other sounds than the beat of the rain upon the roof, the roar of the wind down the canon. A voice that he had sworn he would never forget, but which, God forgive him, had not now the clearness that it might have had yesterday, whispered awful words to him.

Anon he looked into another face, red, too, with no hue from the hearth or leaping flame, but red with the blood of ghastly wounds. He heard again that report, the roar louder and more terrible than any peal of thunder that rived the clouds above his head and made the mountains quake and tremble. He was conscious again of the awful stillness of death that pervaded. He dropped on his knees, buried his face in his hands where they rested on picture and locket on the rude table.

Ah, the past died hard, for a moment he was the lover of old—remorse, passionate expiation, solitude—he and the dead together—the world and the living forgot! He would not be false, he would be true, there was no power in any feeble woman's tender

ing this. He realized what had happened. When she arose at once. The man opened the door, felt it ajar and entered the room. "Have you been awake long?" he began abruptly. "Not very." "I didn't disturb you, because you needed sleep more than anything else. How do you feel?" "Greatly refreshed, thank you." "And hungry, I suppose?" "Very." "I will soon remedy that. Your foot?" "It seems much better, but I—" The girl hesitated, blushing. "I can't get my shoe on, and—" "Shall I have another look at it?" "No, I don't believe it will be necessary. If I may have some of that liniment, or whatever it was you put on it, and more of that bandage, I think I can attend to it myself, but, you see, my stockings and my boot—" The man nodded; he seemed to understand. He went to his cracker box chifonier and drew from it a long, coarse woolen stocking. "That is the best that I can do for you," he said.

"And that will do very nicely," said the girl. "It will cover the bandage, and that is the main thing."

The man laid on the table by the side of the stocking another strip of bandage torn from the same sheet. As he did so, he noticed the picture. He caught it up quickly, a dark flush spreading over his face, and holding it in his hand, he turned abruptly away.

"I will go and cook you some breakfast while you get yourself ready. If you have not washed, you'll find a bucket of water and a basin and towel outside the door."

He went through the inner door as suddenly as he had come through the outer one. He was a man of few words, and whatever social grace he might once have possessed, and in more favorable circumstances exhibited, was not noticeable now. The tenderness with which he had caressed her the night before had also vanished.

His bearing had been cool, almost harsh and forbidding, and his manner was as grim as his appearance. The conversation had been a brief one, and her opportunity for inspection of him consequently limited. Yet she had taken him in. He was a tall, splendid man. No longer young, perhaps, but in the prime of life and vigor. His complexion was dark and burned browner by long exposure to sun and wind, winter and summer. In spite of the brown, there was a certain color, a hue of health in his cheeks. His eyes were hazel, sometimes brown, sometimes gray, and sometimes blue, she afterward learned. A short thick closely cut beard and mustache covered the lower part of his face disguised but not hiding the squareness of his jaw and the firmness of his lips.

The continuation of this very interesting story appears next week. Have you subscribed?

of the blankets from the bed, she sat down and drew it across her knees and took stock of the room. The cabin was built of logs, the room was large, perhaps 12 by 20 feet, with one side completely taken up by the stone fireplace; there were two windows, one on either side of the outer door, which opened toward the southwest. The walls were unplastered save in the chinks between the rough hewn logs of which it was made. Over the fireplace and around on one side ran a rude shelf covered with books. She had no opportunity to examine them, although later she would become familiar with every one of them.

Into the walls on the other side were driven wooden pegs; from some of them hung a pair of snow shoes, a heavy Winchester rifle, fishing tackle and other necessary wilderness paraphernalia. On the puncheon floor wolf and bear skins were spread. In one corner against the wall again were piled several splendid pairs of horns from the mountain sheep.

"Yes," was the quick answer.

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## Repeating Shotguns

USED IN THE U. S. ARMY.

The U. S. Army authorities know a gun; that is why, when they decided to equip some troops with repeating shotguns, they selected the Winchester in preference to all other makes. The experts of the U. S. Ordnance Board also know a gun; that's why, after submitting a Winchester Repeating Shotgun to all sorts of tests, they pronounced it *safe, sure, strong and simple*. If you want a shotgun—buy the one whose strength and reliability led the U. S. Army authorities to select it and the U. S. Ordnance Board to endorse it—that's the Winchester.

THE RELIABLE REPEATERS

# YOU WANT JOB?

## a Better JOB?

That question will be asked you almost daily by business men seeking your services. If you qualify—take the Draughton Training—and show ambition to rise. More BANKERS endorse DRAUGHTON'S Colleges than endorse all other business colleges COMBINED. 48 Colleges in 13 States. International reputation. Bookkeeping, Typewriting, Penmanship, Letter Writing, Arithmetic, Letter Writing, Business English, and many other courses. GUARANTEED under reasonable conditions.

Home Study. Thousands of bank cashiers, bookkeepers, and stenographers are holding good positions as the result of taking Draughton's Home Study.

Shorthand. Practically all U. S. official court reporters write the System of Shorthand Draughton's Colleges teach. Catalogue on course AT COLLEGE, write

**DRAUGHTON'S PRACTICAL BUSINESS COLLEGE**

Nashville or Memphis or Knoxville, Tenn., or Paducah, Ky., or Evansville, Ind.

## "Cardui Cured Me"

For nearly ten years, at different times, Mrs. Mary Jinks of Treadway, Tenn., suffered with womanly troubles. She says: "At last, I took down and thought I would die. I could not sleep. I couldn't eat. I had pains all over. The doctors gave me up. I read that Cardui had helped so many, and I began to take it, and it cured me. Cardui saved my life! Now, I can do anything."

## TAKE The CARDUI Woman's Tonic

If you are weak, tired, worn-out, or suffer from any of the pains peculiar to weak women, such as headache, backache, dragging-down feelings, pains in arm, side, hip or limbs, and other symptoms of womanly trouble, you should try Cardui, the woman's tonic. Prepared from perfectly harmless, vegetable ingredients, Cardui is the best remedy for you to use, as it can do you nothing but good. It contains no dangerous drugs. It has no bad after-effects. Ask your druggist. He sells and recommends Cardui.

Write to: Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn., for Special Instructions, and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," sent free. J 54

**Kodol For Indigestion.** Relieves sour stomach, palpitation of the heart. Digests what you eat.



J. M. Williams has moved to Floress. The trouble between Mr. Williams and his wife has been adjusted and they are now living together.

T. C. and Abraham Fraley and E. L. Cantrell, were the guests of U. S. Fraley Saturday night.

Elder W. L. Gevedon, of Grassy Creek, spent Sunday night with the writer. He has been absent from home for a month, the greater part of the time in Lawrence Co., preaching the gospel. We need more earnest workers like brother Gevedon, who are willing to sacrifice both time and money for the salvation of souls.

A telephone line is soon to be built from H. H. Holbrooks to Logville, via Silver Hill. This line connects with the line recently built here, and communication with Paintsville and other places can be had by reason of these connections.

SLAB

#### PANAMA

I told you in last issue I would give you Uncle David's letter. Uncle David is an advocate of Roosevelt and reform spelling. He writes as follows: "Deer ser the thanx of the congyr gashun is doe sem buddy for that idee of a Krismnee gift to the wild. It dont soud like the edditur for menny a time I have saw him with hy Jokkito pakkits stuffed with three for a 5c segar and he never as much as sed do yo smoke. Rut hooever that of the plan was reelly brite I have lookt up the wild in the dikshunnary and it means intemed in a state of nachur and also it hits me on awe three cownts in the first plaise I never was razed a pet and Ill kik yit if U kuurry me below the nee, 2'nd by: when my prezzunt pare of aver-awls leve me which will be soon. Your unkel will trovly he he in a straitof nachur and he is owt cs chuin tabokko I hope my my deer readers will Kontribit librel and I would like to know when the monny is to be destruy-boated. Saran (who is my wife)

## Southern National Life Insurance Co., Of Louisville, Kentucky.

### LEXINGTON AND EASTERN

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WEST-BOUND.		
	No. 1 Daily	No. 3 Daily
Ly Quicksand.....	5:05 A. M.	1:25 P. M.
Jackson.....	5:10	1:30
O. & K. Junction.....	5:15	1:35
Athol.....	5:20	1:40
Beattyville Junction.....	5:25	1:45
Torrent.....	5:30	1:50
Campton Junction.....	5:35	1:55
Clay City.....	5:40	2:00
L. & E. Junction.....	5:45	2:05
Winchester.....	5:50	2:10
Ar Lexington.....	5:55	2:15

EAST-BOUND.		
	No. 2 Daily	No. 4 Daily
Ly Lexington.....	1:35 P. M.	7:20 A. M.
Winchester.....	2:17	8:05
L. & E. Junction.....	2:35	8:18
Clay City.....	3:05	8:50
Campton Junction.....	3:47	9:27
Torrent.....	4:04	9:44
Beattyville Junction.....	4:15	10:04
Athol.....	4:52	10:30
O. & K. Junction.....	5:19	10:57
Jackson.....	5:25	11:05
Ar Quicksand.....		11:25

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sais I wont he into it She thinx it bup big dinners and Krismnus trees fore the gain of birds and knowdroopeds which woad be fullish as will explane.

Your Unkel David.

Continued in next issiu

#### \$ 100 Per Plate

was paid at a banquet to Henry Clay, in New Orleans in 1842. Mighty costly for those with stomach trouble or ingestion. To day people every where use Dr King's New Life Pills for these troubles as well as liver, kidney and bowel disorders. Easy safe, sure. Only 25 cents at all druggists.

Wise world.

The world likes a good loser, particularly if it gets some of his money —Lippincott's.

## THE BIG STORE

# C. W. WOMACK

Everything for Everybody.

The Home of Low Prices.

Watch this Space for our adaertisements. They will be a History of Bargains.

Call and see how we can save you money on all purchases.

Monday, February 12, 1912.

(that being the first day of a County Court) at the front door of the Court House in West Liberty, between the hours of 1 and 2 o'clock P. M., offer for sale at public outcry, the following property, to satisfy the taxes for the amounts and year below named:

#### Non-residents of Morgan county.

Under whose name Property Listed.	Tax for Year	Kind of Property	Valuation.	Total Tax, Penalty, Interest and Costs.
Ben F Brown	1911	Land	\$ 250 00	\$ 4 71
John M Cheney	1911	land	500 00	7 92
Geo H Barber	1911	land	600 00	9 20
Willie Day	1911	land	600 00	9 20
John H Fannin	1811	lot W Liberty	170 00	3 68
Nancy A Fannin	1911	land	125 00	3 11
Gilson Holiday	1911	land	150 00	3 44
W G Jones	do	land	300 00	5 36
H C Keeton	do	land	750 00	11 13
Arzelda Kilgore	do	lot Caney	20 00	1 76
F M Lykins	do	land	700 00	10 45
R M Lykins	do	land	100 00	2 79
W F Lykins	do	land	200 00	4 09
John Miller	do	lot Caney	500 00	6 85
McMath & Kelly	do	land	500 00	7 86
J C Murphy	do	land	300 00	5 34
J E Murphy	do	land	500 00	7 86
J M Mathews	do	land	5,000 00	65 70
Elizabeth Patton	do	land	300 00	5 36
Preston Mont&bro	do	land	8,500 00	111 15
J A Shuttleworth	do	land	4,000 00	53 14
Cas Short	do	land	150 00	3 44
W H Thomas	do	land	250 00	
Henry C Thomson & Co	do	land	500 00	
Union Coal Co	do	land	1,000 00	
I N Vaughn	do	land	500 00	7 96
F P Wilson	do	land	1,000 00	15 65
R Ney Williams	do	land	700 00	10 55
Oliver Whitt	do	land	500 00	7 96
Sarah N Patterson	do	land	250 00	4 73
Elizabeth Mullins	do	land	1,500 00	20 48

#### Residents of Morgan county

Peter Crase	1910	land, poll	300 00	6 27
Peter Crase	1911	land, poll	700 00	10 58
Dave Allen	1911	land	50 00	4 30
J L Allen	1911	land, poll	285 00	7 31
Mart Smith	1911	lot Caney	225 00	6 32
Lan Howard	1910	land	200 00	4 90
A F Brown	1911	land, poll	448 00	5 85
S V Helton	1911	land	400 00	6 21

H. B. BROWN,  
Sheriff Morgan County.

**FURS AND HIDES**  
HIGHEST MARKET PRICE PAID  
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**JOHN WHITE & CO., LOUISVILLE, KY.**



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free, unspooled you. I want. Life was full of zest for her, and she enjoyed it with the most un-Pennsylvania enthusiasm.

The second summer after her coming out found her in Colorado. Robert Maitland was one of the big men of the west. He had departed from Philadelphia at an early age and had settled in Colorado while it was still in the formative period. There he had grown up with the state. The Philadelphia Maitlands could never understand it or explain it. Bob Maitland must have been, they argued, a reversion to an ancient type, a throwback to some robber baron long antecedent to William Penn. And the speculation was true. The blood of some lawless adventurer of the past, discreetly forgotten by the conservative section of the family, bubbled in his veins unchecked by the repressive atmosphere of his home and immediate environment.

He had thoroughly identified himself with his new surroundings and had plunged into all the activities of the west. During one period of his life he had actually served as sheriff of one of the border counties, and it was a rapid "bad man" indeed, who enjoyed any advantage over him when it came to drawing his "gun." His skill and daring had been unquestioned, he had made a name for himself which still abides, especially in the mountains where things yet remained almost as primitive as they had been from the beginning.

His fame had been accompanied by fortune, too: the cattle upon a thousand hills were his, the treasures of mines of fabulous richness were at his command. He lived in Denver in one of the greatest of the bonanza palaces on the hills of that city, confronting the snow-capped mountain range. For the rest he held stock in all sorts of corporations, was a director in numerous concerns and so on—the reader can supply the usual catalogue, they are all alike. He had married late in life and was the father of two little girls and a boy, the oldest sixteen and the youngest ten.

Going east, which he did not love, on an infrequent business trip, he had renewed his acquaintance with his brother and the one ewe lamb of his brother's flock, to-wit, the aforementioned Enid. He had been struck, as everybody was, by the splendid personality of the girl and had striven earnestly to disabuse her mind of the prevalent idea that there was nothing much worth while on the continent.

reseau. "I'm talking about people now. There are just as fine men and women in the west as in New York or Philadelphia."

"I am sure you don't mean to be offensive, Robert, but really the asso-



"Your Day Has Passed, Steve," Returned the Younger Maitland.

ciation of ideas in your mention of us with that common and vulgar New York is or—un—pleasant," fairly shuddered the elder Maitland.

"I'm only urging you to recognize the quality of the western people. I dare say they are of a finer type than the average here."

"From your standpoint, no doubt," continued his brother severely and somewhat wearily as if the matter were not worth all this argument. "All that I want of them is that they stay in the west where they belong and not strive to mingle with the east; there is a barrier between us and them which it is not well to cross. To permit any intermixtures of er—race or—"

"The people out there are white, Steve," interrupted his brother sarcastically. "I wasn't contemplating introducing Enid here to Chinese, or negroes, or Indians, or—"

"Don't you see," said Mr. Stephen Maitland, stubbornly waving aside this sarcastic and irrelevant comment, "from your very conversation the vast gulf that there is between you and me? Although you had every advantage in life that birth can give you, we are—I mean you have changed

contribute to comfort and luxury that isn't in it, I don't know what it is. Shall it be the house in Denver, or the ranch, or a real camp in the wilds, Enid?"

"First the house in Denver," said Enid, "and then the ranch and then the mountains."

"Right-O; that shall be the program."

"Will my daughter's life be perfectly safe from the cowboys, Indians and desperadoes?"

"Quite safe," answered Robert, with deep gravity. "The cowboys no longer shoot up the city and it has been years since the Indians have held up even a trolley car. The only real desperado in my acquaintance is the mildest gentle old stage driver in the west."

"Do you keep up an acquaintance with men of that class still?" asked his brother in great surprise.

"You know I was sheriff in a border county for a number of years and—"

"But you must surely have withdrawn from all such society now."

"Out west," said Robert Maitland, "when we know a man and like him, when we have slept by him on the plains, ridden with him through the mountains, fought with him against some border terror, some bad man thirsting to kill, we don't forget him, we don't cut his acquaintance, and it doesn't make any difference whether the one or the other of us is rich or poor. I have friends who can't frame a grammatical sentence, who habitually eat with their knives, yet who are absolutely devoted to me and I to them. The man is the thing out there." He smiled and turned to Enid. "Always excepting the supremacy of woman," he added.

"How fascinating," exclaimed the girl. "I want to go there right away."

And this was the train of events which wrought the change. Behold the young lady astride of a horse for the first time in her life in a divided skirt, that fashion prevalent elsewhere not having been accepted by the best equestrians of Philadelphia. She was riding ahead of a lumbering mountain wagon surrounded by other riders, which was loaded with baggage, drawn by four sturdy broncos and followed by a number of obstinate little burros at present unincumbered with packs which would be used when they got further from civilization and the way was no longer practicable for anything on wheels.

Miss Enid Maitland was clad in a way that would have caused her father a stroke of apoplexy if he could have been suddenly made aware of her dress, if she had burst into the drawing-room without announcement, for instance. Her skirt was distinctly short, she wore heavy hob-nailed shoes that laced up to her knees, she had on a bright blue sweater, a kind of a cap known as a tam-o-shanter was pinned above her glorious hair, which was closely braided and wound around her head. She wore a silk handkerchief loosely tied around her neck, a knife and revolver hung at her belt, a little watch was strapped to one wrist, a handsomely braided quirt dangled from the other, a pair

her hair way promptly, he had her but half way won. He had snatched the ultimate day from his business demand to ride with her on the first stage of her journey to the mountains.

## CHAPTER II.

### The Game Played in the Usual Way.

The road on which they advanced into the mountains was well made and well kept up. The canon through the foothills was not very deep—for Colorado—and the ascent was gentle. Naturally it wound in every direction, following the devious course of the river, which it frequently crossed from one side to the other on rude log bridges. A brisk gallop of half a mile or so on a convenient stretch of comparatively level going put the two in the lead far ahead of the lumbering wagon and out of sight of those others of the party who had elected to go a horseback. There was perhaps a tacit agreement among the latter not to break in upon this growing friendship, or, more frankly, not to interfere in a developing love affair.

The canon broadened here and there at long intervals and ranch houses were found in every clearing, but these were few and far between and for the most part Armstrong and Enid Maitland rode practically alone save for the passage of an occasional lumber wagon.

"You can't think," began the man, as they drew rein after a splendid gallop and the somewhat tired horses readily subsided into a walk, "how I hate to go back and leave you."

"And you can't think how loath I am to have you return," the girl flashed out at him with a sidelong glance from her bright blue eyes and a winking smile from her scarlet lips.

"Enid Maitland," said the man, "you know I just worship you. I'd like to sweep you out of your saddle, lift you to the bow of mine and ride away with you. I can't keep my hands off you, I—"

Before she realized what he would be about he swerved his horse toward her, his arm went around her suddenly. Taken completely off her guard she could make no resistance, indeed she scarcely knew what to expect until he crushed her to him and kissed her, almost roughly, full on the lips.

"How dare you," cried the girl, her face aflame, freeing herself at last, and swinging her own horse almost to the edge of the road which here ran on an excavation some fifty feet above the river.

"How dare I?" laughed the audacious man, apparently no whit abashed by her indignation. "When I think of my opportunity I am amazed at my moderation."

"Your opportunity; your moderation?"

"Yes, when I had you helpless I took but one kiss; I might have held you longer and taken a hundred."

"And by what right did you take that one?" haughtily demanded the outraged young woman, looking at him beneath level brows while the color slowly receded from her face. She had never been kissed by a man other than a blood relation in her

then. "It is a possibility, but whether it be or not, I do not feel that way—yet."

There was a saving grace in that last word, which gave him a little heart. He would have spoken, but she suffered no interruption, saying: "I have been wooed before, but—"

"True, unless the human race has become suddenly blind," he said softly under his breath.

"But never in such ungente ways."

"I suppose you have never run up against a real red-blooded man like me before."

"If red-blooded be evidenced mainly by lacking of self control, perhaps I have not. Yet there are men that I have met that would not need to apologize for their qualities even to you, Mr. James Armstrong."

"Don't say that. Evidently I make but poor progress in my wooing. Never have I met with a woman quite like you"—and in that indeed lay some of her charm, and she might have replied in exactly the same language and with exactly the same meaning to him—"I am no longer a boy. I must be fifteen years older than you are, for I am thirty-five."

The difference between their years was not quite so great as he declared, but womanlike the girl let the statement pass unchallenged.

"And I wouldn't insult your intelligence by saying you are the only woman that I have ever made love to,

but there is a vast difference between making love to a woman and loving one. I have just found that out for the first time. I marvel at the past, and I am ashamed of it, but I thank God that I have been saved for this opportunity. I want to win you, and I am going to do it, too. In many things I don't match up with the people with whom you train. I was born out here, and I've made myself. There are things that have happened in the making that I am not especially proud of, and I am not at all satisfied with the results, especially since I have met you. The better I know you the less pleased I am with Jim Armstrong, but there are possibilities in me, I rather believe, and with you for inspiration, God!"—the man flung out his hand with a fine gesture of determination. "They say that the east and west don't naturally mingle, but it's a lie; you and I can beat the world."

The woman thrilled to his gallant wooing. Any woman would have done so; some of them would have lost their heads, but Enid Maitland was an exceedingly cool young person, for she was not quite swept off her feet, and did not quite lose her balance.

"I like to hear you say things like that," she answered. "Nobody quite like you has ever made love to me, and certainly not in your way, and that's the reason I have given you a half way promise to think about it. I was sorry that you could not be with us on this adventure, but now I am rather glad, especially if the even temper of my way is to be interrupted by anything like the outburst of a few minutes since."

"I am glad, too," admitted the man. "For I declare I couldn't help it. If I

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Write to: Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn., for Special Instructions, and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," sent free. J 58

### Estray Notice.

On Nov. 20, 1911, a red cow, about five years old, with white spot in forehead, was taken up as an estray by me. I have complied with all the requirements of the law in regard to estrays. Owner can have same by proving property and paying all charges. This Dec. 28, 1911.

J. LORING NICKELL.  
81-4t Hazel Green, Ky.

Subscribe for the Courier. \$1.00

An Old Virginia Law. Virginia has an old law, dating back to the days of Patrick Henry, which prohibits rights-of-way being procured by condemnation proceedings through an orchard for a public road. Why an orchard was particularly designated for favoritism is not quite clear in these advanced days.

Fuel Economy Method. Tests made by a French railroad of a device for heating water before it reaches the boiler by exhaust steam showed a fuel economy of more than twelve per cent.

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